

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1919

"More Marriages Than Ever; Romantic Aftermath of War And Homecoming of Heroes"

"Women Love Self-Sacrifice," Says Kathleen Burke, First War Girl to Enter Fortress of Verdun, "and I Do Not Believe There Is a Maimed Soldier of the Allies Who Will Not Have a Chance to Marry at Least Three Women."

By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

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RENAISSANCE of romance is coming—has come—for women. That is an important part of the aftermath of war. Any talk of an industrial struggle between the sexes is nonsense. To the girl at home, job or no job, the returned soldier is a hero. For four years she has been thinking of him in that way, and she will keep right on—for a time, at any rate. There will be more marriages than ever, particularly marriages between young persons. And of course that will be a fine thing for the nation.

Kathleen Burke, war girl, is speaking; Kathleen Burke, descendant of Edmund, and the first woman to enter the fortress of Verdun; the "thousand-dollar-a-day" girl, who raised that sum every twenty-four hours over a period of months for the Scottish Women's Hospitals; the wearer of five medals for distinguished service on four fronts, including the cross of a Commander of the British Empire; the Honorary Colonel of our own 138th Field Artillery, U. S. A.

Bonny, blue-eyed and breezy, Miss Burke is now paying us one of her periodical visits, after nearly being one of the last casualties of the war. She was gassed badly at Valenciennes, just beyond Cambrai, on Nov. 2 last.

"Gen. Byng," she explained smilingly, "had called me up and said: 'Don't you want to see my battle?' Of course I did. They took me out to an observation post in No Man's Land. Perfectly safe, of course, except from a direct hit. The Tommy, by the way, took me for Princess Mary, because no woman ever had been taken up so far, and they thought if anybody got permission it must be a member of the royal family. Either there was a hole in my gas mask or I got into some gas lying close to the ground. For a month or so afterward I was coughing my lungs up."

Being gassed, however, did not keep Miss Burke from celebrating the armistice. On that day she was in Verdun with the Americans. "Sixteen of us were together," she recalled, "and we had a big washbasin, two lemons and a tiny flask. I don't think the most earnest prohibitionist could have objected to that celebration. Only, in the middle of it, I went outside the door and began to cry all by myself. For the first time I began to count up my friends who had died in the war. Before that I had just



THREE CANDIDATES FOR EVERY MAIMED SOLDIER'S HEART. thought of them as a part of the British Army.

"I avoided myself for being morbid," she added, with a little smile, "but when I got back to England I found so many persons I knew had behaved in just the same fashion. Celebrating the armistice would have been a very sad affair, if it had not been for our Americans. The British and French, you see, had almost forgotten how to be happy—they had been through so much."

"It is that condition of frayed nerves," Miss Burke continued earnestly, "which is at least partly responsible for the unrest and confusion of these last few months. I think the world is going to work out of it. And you have asked me what part women will play in the world-after-the-war, the reconstructed world. I think they will be the steady element, a most important part."

"The mood of the woman abroad, especially if her son or husband has returned to her, is something like this: 'Now the war is over and we did our part, let us have peace! Let us stand behind Lloyd George for a peace that will last, that will not separate us again. Let us be glad we are together in our own home, with work and children and all the sane, happy peace conditions about us. And

NEW INVENTIONS.

An inventor has equipped a parachute with hand-operated propellers on the theory that a user can guide his descent thereby.

A combination storm and glass shield that can be clamped on an automobile windshield in front of a driver's seat has been invented.

even if it takes a little longer than ten minutes to adjust working conditions to our liking, let us not fuss!"

"The soldiers," Miss Burke added in parenthesis, "are not to any great extent in sympathy with the unreasonable element among labor. During the war, you know, the soldier said, rather blithely, to the workman, 'You get paid five pounds a day for making shells, and I get paid five cents a day for stopping them.'"

Then I asked Miss Burke if the industrial situation was being complicated by women workers, and she spoke enthusiastically of the new romance war has woven among men and women.

"On a London bus," she illustrated, "a rather testy man was complaining about the manners of a young soldier who had stepped on the testy one's feet. The girl bus conductor turned on him. 'If there was any manners around here,' she observed sharply, 'your feet wouldn't be stepped on because you'd be standing on 'em and that soldier would have your seat!'"

"Again, in Paris a long queue of people were waiting for a certain tram car. The girl conductor motioned to two pupils to get aboard first. When some of the others protested, saying they had been waiting longer than the men, the girl flamed:

"They are not men," she cried; "they are France!"

"Oh, it's heroes that men are to women to-day, and there is a special tenderness for the maimed and crippled. Women love self-sacrifice, you know; they were born loving it. I do not believe there is a maimed soldier among the Allies who will not have a chance to marry at least three women."

"But do you think women are going to give up the new usefulness they have learned during the last few years, and just be home women again?" I asked Miss Burke.

"I fancy most of the married women will be glad to go back to their homes when the men come home," she replied, "but I think all women from now on will be useful, will be taught usefulness. Every girl will have a trade, whatever her income or position. The idle girls, at the beginning of this war, were so infuriated when to their eager question, 'What can I do?' there came the coldly analytical answer, 'What CAN you do?'"

"Girls who have been nursing and cooking for soldiers during the last few years will find others who need nurses and will not be helpless when confronted by the servant problem. The younger girls, all of them, must be taught first aid and food preparation and other useful things, just as boys will be given compulsory military training."

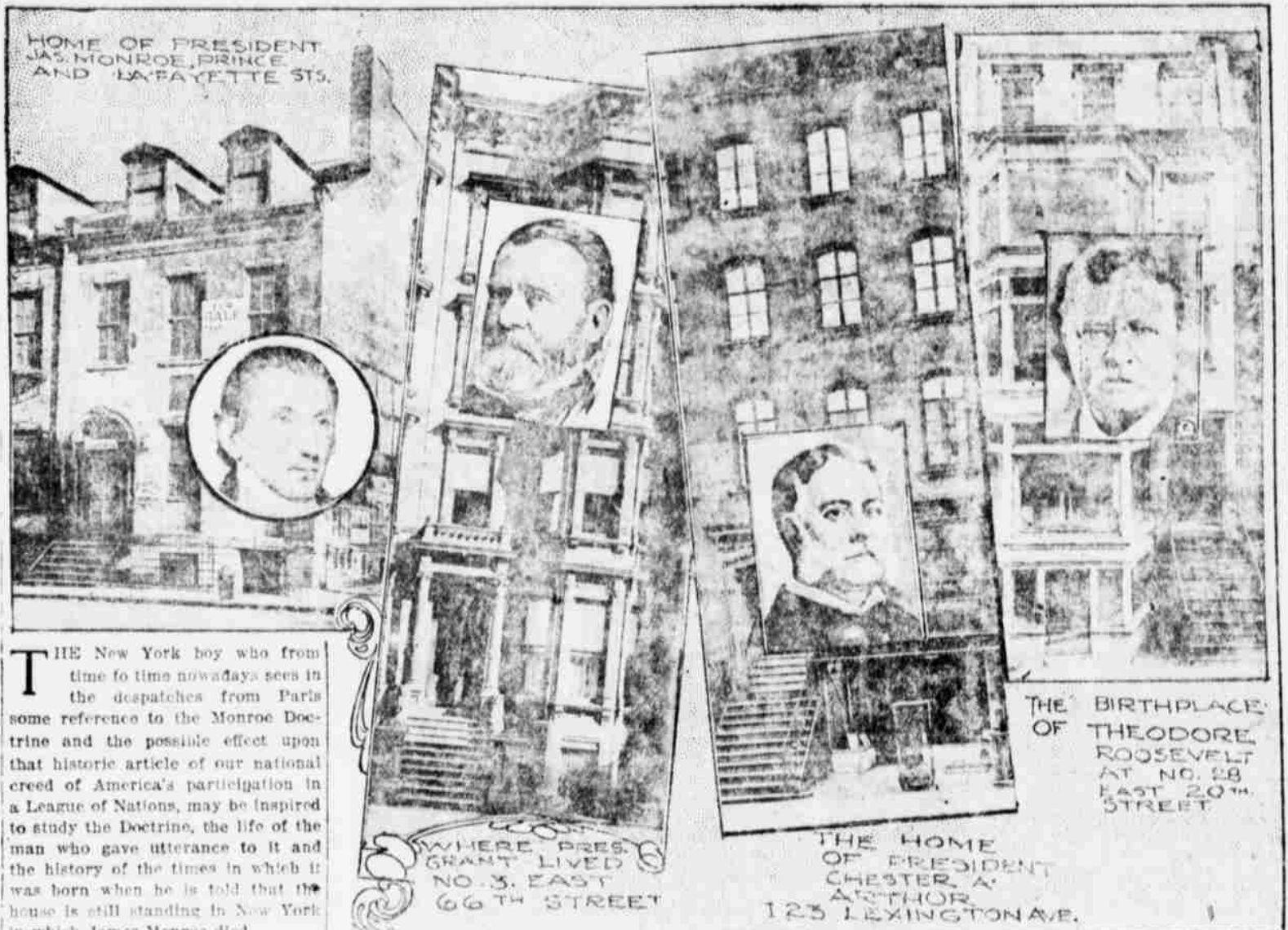
She paused a moment, then smiled her twinkling smile. "The war has proved one other thing about women," she ended. "It has proved that a woman can keep a secret. Lloyd George's private secretary is a woman, and what she hasn't known about things was not worth knowing. Yet she never told."

The Evening World Daily Magazine

New York Homes of Four Presidents

Still Stand, Pages in City's History

Roosevelt Was Born at No. 28 East 20th Street; Grant Lived at No. 3 East 66th Street; in Each of the Others a President Died, Monroe at No. 63 Prince Street, Arthur at No. 123 Lexington Avenue.



THE New York boy who from time to time nowadays sees in the despatches from Paris some reference to the Monroe Doctrine and the possible effect upon that historic article of our national creed of America's participation in a League of Nations, may be inspired to study the Doctrine, the life of the man who gave utterance to it and the history of the times in which it was born when he is told that the house is still standing in New York in which James Monroe died.

As a matter of fact, four New York houses which, defying the years and the spirit sometimes called Progress, are still in existence, remind the New Yorker that his city has usually been beloved of the Presidents.

Monroe, the fifth President, who fought in the Revolution, died on the fourth of July, 1831, at No. 63 Prince Street, corner of Lafayette.

Ulysses Simpson Grant (originally Hiram Ulysses), the eighteenth President, lived at No. 3 East 66th Street.

Chester A. Arthur, who took up in 1881 the burden laid down by the martyred Garfield, becoming the twenty-first President, died five years later at No. 123 Lexington Avenue.

And Theodore Roosevelt, New York's very own President, was born Oct. 27, 1858, in the house at No. 28 East 20th Street.

Strangely enough the Roosevelt house which, one would say, should be the youngest and most vigorous of the four, displays the fewest marks of the glory that belongs to it. The basement floor is occupied by an office. On the second floor a dealer in novelties has established himself. On the floor above a magazine is published. Roosevelt was loved by so many millions of his fellow country men and is so singularly New

York that one is sure this house will be saved before it is too late.

On the other hand, the James Monroe house, in Prince Street, looks the part. This is a venerable building, the like of which is to be seen only in the older American towns, like Charleston, Philadelphia, Boston, Salem, Portsmouth.

"I could tell a story!" boasts this ancient among buildings; and you are not surprised to learn that the story is that of the great Virginian who, after leaving the White House came to New York to live and to die.

The Chester A. Arthur house, in Lexington Avenue, has fallen prey to the march of trade to some extent, although not so completely as T. R.'s birthplace.

Of the four, the handsomest and noblest house is that in which Gen. Grant, under great financial and physical stress, wrote the greater part of his Memoirs with the shadow of death creeping upon him.

The house where Grant lived looks like not merely a house but a residence. It looks like a New York home, the home of a Somebody.

When James Monroe occupied the White House the Republic was still in its infancy. Its pains were growing pains. It was still a child when the conflict between North and South came. That was Grant's epoch. Arthur typified a peaceful, prosperous time, before the word Bolsheviki or the letters I. W. W. had a meaning. And then Roosevelt, with his part in the war with Spain and his leader-

ship in the common cause of Humanity vs. the Boche.

A Saturday afternoon will introduce our young New Yorker to Four Houses With a History. It is history worth reading.

WHAT PUZZLED HIM. THOUGH a strange, unbelievable peace settled over the Argentine with the signing of the armistice, life changed little for the road mender.

One pensive negro was gravely fading the soap and out of the centre of the highway when his roving eye was caught by the gleam of two service stripes on the sleeve of a soldier who was walking laughingly by.

"My Gawd," he murmured, "dat white man has been a whole year in his country and he kin still laff!"—Stars and Stripes, France.

And the following from "The Great Street in the World—Broadway," by Stephen Jencks in the Knickerbocker Review:

And here, Mr. Brown, was fairly in town. In that part of the city the street is full of "show," as the boys of the street would say.

As being the scene of the Bowling Green, a fountain that looked like a huge green, filled with water and a great fountain.

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Century-Old Traditions Keep Delmonico's Warm to Guests in Cold, Modern New York

Judge Mayer of the U. S. Circuit Court in Open Court Made This Comment Upon Delmonico's, a New York Institution, and Its Efficient Management by the Receivers.

IN addition to the gratifying results obtained by the application of good business methods, it is probably true that the business of this old-time restaurant has improved, to some extent at least, because of sentimental reasons. Delmonico's was established about 1835 at what later became the site of the old Stevens Hotel at No. 7 Broadway. When Croton water was introduced into the city the occupants of the houses fronting on Bowling Green erected a fountain, consisting of a rough stone structure over which the water was conducted by means of a pipe. The design called for considerable artistic criticism from visitors from out of the city, and the incident and mention of Delmonico's are thus recorded by the poet, John Godfrey Saxe:

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1919

Fourteen Points League of Matrimony.

NO. VI—WHEN IN LOVE, LIE LIKE A GENTLEMAN.

No Wife Should Tell Poisonous Truths About Her Husband's Lack of Business Ability, His Ignorance of the World, Want of Charm for Women or Awkwardness in Dancing—Observations by Husbands on Clothes, Age, Fat, Morality, Make-up and Mothers-in-Law Are Likewise Forbidden.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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IF any woman possesses a simple habit of truth-telling and she will discover that she cannot make to the most enlightened man, the most ordinary, critical statement about himself without bringing forth the reply: "You handed me one, that time, didn't you?"

For truth, unsweetened with flattery, is so rarely told to men by women that a husband who hears it from his wife is likely to look upon the occasion as establishing a state of war.

It is just as hard to make a grown man swallow the truth about himself as to induce a small boy to go to the dentist. It is impossible to make a woman accept the truth about herself as anything save deliberate insult. Then why try it?

Why not recognize the toxic qualities of undiluted fact and tell the truth, in the family circle, only in homeopathic doses, heavily sugar-coated?

Among the most poisonous varieties of truth are remarks by wives on a husband's lack of business ability, his ignorance of the world, want of charm for women and awkwardness in dancing, and observations by husbands on clothes, age, fat, morality, make-up and mothers-in-law.

Even when a man is broadminded enough to forgive a woman for telling him the truth about himself, when he feels like claiming a similar privilege he should halt the fatal impulse by reflecting that what he wants to say will be actually a lie, since the man who sees a woman without glamour sees her incorrectly and should consult a specialist about the fatal automatism of his heart.

One of the first principles of matrimonial manners is surely that every man loves his wife, her only and forever. But ever since Bernard Shaw began to use his penetrating wit to popularize the playful ruffian (all Shaw heroes are ruffians; I defy any member of the cult to produce one man with decent manners in the whole galaxy) many men have cultivated an unpleasant tendency to tell the exact truth to women about the degree of emotions they inspire.

"No, my dear, I cannot say that you are the one woman in the world for me," the Brutal Savage confides to his mate with a candor in no way different from that which animates other exponents of the same naturalistic school who eat peas with a knife.

"I realize, as every intelligent man does, that any one of dozens of women I have known would have made me a good wife. I suppose you want me to say that when I looked into your eyes for the first time my whole being began to ferment like a gallon of grapejuice into which a yeast cake has been dropped, and that every fibre of my brain reeled as the voice of my heart said: 'Behold the woman!' But all that is bunk. You know it, I know it, I

have never had such feelings. They are contrary to common sense. Any man who says he has is loony or a liar. I know that you want the truth from me."

Which is precisely what no woman wants at any time from any man younger than her great-grandfather. The Bernard Shaw Man, whether lover or husband, is an outrage on the amenities of civilized relations between the sexes. Certain sentimental expressions are accepted by women merely as part of the amiable etiquette of romantic occasions. No man would think of dining out and then remarking to his hostess as he said goodby:

"Don't get the idea that I have not had many dinners quite as good, if not better, than this one. You are not the only hostess in the world, you know. There were at least a dozen other places where I should have been as bountifully."

On the contrary, if he knows his hostess at all, well he exclaims: "Why is this the only house in the world where one may be sure of getting a perfect casserole of chicken?"

Then the hostess beams. Whether she believes him or not is her affair. But if a guest does not give her the opportunity to believe or disbelieve in a parting compliment, she sets him down as a boor and rarely asks him again.

The woman who has the misfortune to love the Bernard Shaw man winces under similar bad manners. She understands quite well that the male who says "there is but one woman in the world for me" may be loony or a liar. But she thinks how much happier she might be if she had married a civilized lunatic or a pleasant prevaricator rather than a person who ignores altogether the immemorial etiquette of love.

The Bernard Shaw husband is fortunately rare, as the average man has far too much sense to thrust upon a woman the unmitigated truth.

The average husband, indeed, is likely to err on the side of tact to hide things from his wife that would be perfectly safe to reveal to her. Indeed, there are few husbands who would be willing to admit to a group of men that they have only to say to their wives, "I'll not be home for dinner to-night," no alibi being expected of them. On the contrary men like to impress each other with the domestic difficulties they encounter in escaping for a club dinner, the necessity of inventing a plausible excuse, etc. An attitude of wistful waiting, of armed neutrality, has come to be accepted by husbands as the correct wifely demeanor for such occasions.

It is to maintain the tradition of a jealous, consequently loving, wife that many husbands tell the stereotyped fibs about being detained at the office, "tattling up with a sick friend." Indeed, many a man who would tell his wife the truth as a matter of course, if telephoning to her by himself, finds it necessary to his prestige to invent some fantastic lie when communicating with her in the presence of other men. There is no real evil in such prevarications; just the childish vanity which makes so many husbands easy to manage.

While I am the last person to believe that a successful marriage can be built upon deception, I do think only pleasant truths should be administered without an anesthetic, that the couple who tell each other their faults violate The Hague convention and should be boycotted by other belligerents for outraging the first principles of the League of Matrimony. When in love, lie like a gentleman, if you expect to be taken for one.